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THE

NATIONAL JUBILEE,

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

By RICHARD EMMONS, M. D.
AUTHOR OF THE FREDONIAD.

Washington:
F. S. MYER, PRINTER, CORNER OF PENNSYVANIA AVENUE AND TENTH STREET, WEST.

1830.

16-D

District of Columbia, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirtieth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the fifty-fourth. Richard Emmons of the said District, has deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, *to wit*:

The National Jubilee, and other Miscellaneous Poems, by Richard Emmons, M. D. "author of the Fredoniad."

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, entitled "an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of MAPS, CHARTS, and BOOKS, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned"—and also to the act, entitled "an act supplementary to an act, entitled 'an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of MAPS, CHARTS, and BOOKS, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other PRINTS."

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDM. I. LEE,
Clerk of the District of Columbia.

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DEDICATION.

TO JAMES MADISON, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SIR:

As a small token of respect and veneration for your private virtues and public services, these Poems are most respectfully dedicated.

Your name is associated with the most important events of the history of this nation, already exciting the wonder of the civilized world. You are one of those whose wisdom devised, and whose potent reasoning defended—triumphantly defended, the glorious Constitution of the Republic. You gave us a constitution formed upon the principles of human nature; hence it must forever constitute the basis on which all free governments must hereafter be erected. The Constitution (in no small degree the labor of your hands) is destined for immortality. It has successfully withstood the wiles of the demagogue, the convulsions of war, and the secret machinations of treacherous Conventions:—it has passed through these fiery trials and come forth, beautified like a chain of gold from the purifying furnace.

Effeminacy, produced and nurtured by extravagance and folly, has been the besetting vice of many a republic—corrupted it—and brought it to decay: How invaluable, therefore, has been the republican simplicity of your life, as an example to the people! Here your character shines like a beacon of lambent flame, burning upon a solitary hill amidst a surrounding desert, to allure the perishing caravan to the fountain that gushes from the rock beneath it.

My feelings have already led me beyond the rule that etiquette has prescribed; but the heart—the grateful overflowings of the heart, must at times be allowed to cast aside the drapery of fashion.

With devotional sentiments,

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD EMMONS.

Washington City, April 5, 1830.

THE NATIONAL JUBILEE;

RECITED BY THE AUTHOR, JULY 4TH, 1824.

Once more with gladness the revolving heaven
Hath to our souls, the day of freedom given—
The brightest day that ever blest the earth;
The day, that Liberty receiv'd her birth;
The day, that bade Columbia to be free,
And strike the Anthem of her Jubilee!

Ere this illustrious day, the earth was chill'd
With slaving dogmas, which the affections kill'd:
Each holy aspiration of the mind,
Panting to reach the height that heaven design'd,
Was by the faggot, kindled with the breath
of superstition—smother'd into death.
The glorious symbols of immotal things
Were robb'd from heaven to plume the pride of kings;
So infamous the sacerdotal brood,
That while they pray'd the wine-cup foam'd with blood!
An opiate darkness o'er the world was spread,
And all the finer soul of man was dead;
He hug'd the chains, not daring to be free,
Lash'd with the crimson scourge of tyranny.

Thus slavery chain'd the East,—but the *West*,
A germ of freedom rooted in the breast—
Yes, *here* the plant of Liberty sprang forth,
While crowns received the homage of the earth—

It grew—it flourished—blossomed in the Spring
With verdant hope of bounteous harvesting;
While Kings and Priests with jealous leer beheld,
Intent to blight its growth upon the field;
And when Britannia strove to pluck it forth,
And bend our conscript fathers to the earth,
They rose like sparkles kindled to a flame,
And scath'd the brilliance of her gorgeous name—
Amidst the blaze, consum'd her royal shrine,
And Monarchs trembled for their *Rights Divine.*

Who gave the signal word? O Muse, declare
The sainted names that laid their bosoms bare,
Their country to redeem— * * * *
Lee, Adams* first,
Then Henry's eloquence like thunder burst
And shook oppression's Idol—Hancock then,
And Jefferson, the first of mortal men,
Stood forth with all their energy of soul,
To prop the weak and animate the whole.
Franklin the statesman, patriot, and the sage,
Rose like the sun to guild a bright'ning age.
And Madison appeared with wisdom calm—
Monroe for Liberty made bare his arm.
Warren the martyr glorified his name,
Then rose immortal on the wings of fame.
Montgomery follow'd in his bright career,
Pour'd his rich blood and clomb the eternal sphere:
Mercer and Nash, to sacred Freedom given,
Drain'd their full hearts, then join'd their souls in hea-ven.

* Samuel Adams.

Knox, Lincoln, Sumpter, Clinton, Marion, Scott,—
Nor shall the veteran Shelby be forgot,
Who wrapp'd the Mountain of the King* in flames,
And bore his conquering banner to the Thames.
The hoary Putnam, Prescott, Pomeroy, Green,
Crimson'd their swords in many a dubious scene—
The first, at Bunker, prov'd their blood in strife,
Pure as the balsam from the tree of life;
Green, like an Eagle on her summit, brave,
With instruments of death, dug deep their grave—
On Guilford's plain, he paraliz'd the throne,
And made the ranks of royalty to groan;
But at the Eutaw was his soul put forth,
And struck them backward, weltering to the earth.
A tear of rapturous gratitude will wet
Columbia's cheek when nam'd the good Fayette:
While Olmutz, Monmouth, Brandywine, shall live,
Will he the homage of the heart receive.
But who the numbers of their names can cast,
Spirits of heaven elect,—who, when the blast
Of Freedom's clarion sounded through the sky,
Perill'd their all for sake of Liberty?
No mortal utterance could the host recite,—
What tongue of dust can sum the stars of night,
Or count the dew-drop diamonds that display
The mimmick rainbows in the blush of day?
When these are number'd, then the Muse might deign
To sum the band that broke the Oppressor's chain.

King's Mountain.

Lo! *one* in solid grandeur is display'd,
For none his equal of the dust was made.
The richest elements of earth compos'd
His mortal fabrick, which sublime enclos'd
A spirit, bath'd in heaven's pure fount on high,
The hallow'd essence of the Deity—
Yea, Earth and Heaven seem'd melted into one,
To form the person of a WASHINGTON.

Who can describe the sufferings of our sires
To give us freedom to our heart's desires?
Naked—expos'd to winter's freezing breath,
No homely morsel to redeem from death.
Their unshod feet, the snow with blood, distain,
While their crampt joints scarce bear them o'er the plain.
Their limbs hard chain'd, immur'd in dungeons damp,
Dripping cold dews, while faint their vital lamp
Flickers with life,—no tear is seen to flow,
Though steep'd their hearts in bitterness of wo;
Yes, in their eye, no passion of despair
Is seen to cast a dull reflection there—
But on their brows a something is display'd,
Which proves their souls are not with death dismay'd.

Their Country's freedom was the righteous cause
That gave them power to spurn at tyrant laws;
Their eyes were fix'd on *this* illustrious day,
To last till nature shall with age decay—
When we, their offspring, grateful would combine,
And strike their deeds with transport notes divine:

When virgins would select from freedom's bowers
With tender hand, the dew-enammell'd flowers,
And deck their snowy brows with garlands fair,
And chanting sing, what once their fathers were:
How they at Bunker's Height the strife withstood,
And bath'd the assailants in a bath of blood;
How they at Trenton, led by Washington,
Through wintry darkness the proud victory won;
How they at Saratoga sunk the cross,
And sum'd whole armies to the royal loss;
How they at Monmouth brought the foe to foil,—
How Morgan met and ended Tarlton's spoil;
How Sumpter, at the Hanging Rock, defied
The Myrmadons, and bow'd their imperious pride;
How they at Guilford made Cornwallis pause,
And how at Eutaw they maintain'd the cause—
How they through fields of blood pursu'd the work,
And how they *conquer'd* at immortal York!
This is the song our virgins will recite,
Till yonder orb is quench'd in final night.

* * * *

And must we pause—here end the flowing song,
In venerative silence, lock the tongue?
No—a proud theme yet calls the Muse to dare
To launch her wings upon ethereal air,
And tune her voice to notes sublimely high,
To sing of recent deeds of chivalry—
To live, whilst valour shall the bosom warm,
Or earth retain the grandeur of its form.

This foe, the same our fathers beat in strife
Strove to enslave us—free at bud of life—
Pour'd out the insulting vial of their wrath,
On every star that deck'd the vessel's path—
Urg'd the hell-monsters of the savage race
To stab our infants, smiling in their face!
By bribes, endeavour'd artful to destroy
Our chain of Union with the base alloy.
Her spies essay'd to alienate the heart,
And stab our vitals with a secret dart.
Too long these crimes we suffer'd:—but at length
To seek redress, we girded on our strength!
Hull first in glory on the ocean fought,
And soon to Dacres his submission taught;
Burrows, Decatur, Bainbridge, fearless met
The pirate,—humbled, brought him to their feet;
Jones, Porter, Biddle, Stewart, Warrington,
Will be remember'd while life's sand shall run:
Lawrence!
—Alas! his name dissolves the soul away!
Yes, he achieved the wonder* of the sea—
But to behold him in his robes of gore,—
The Muse must pause——oppress'd her vital core.

* * * *

Lawrence! thy name, eternity receives,
And tears shall mourn thee whilst thy nation lives!
Hark! from the West, what pealing thunders break?
'Tis Perry battling glorious on the Lake!

* Sinking the Peacock.

He breaks their line—he wilts the royal powers,—
He's "*met the enemy and they are ours!*"
Another battle sounding far remote,
Comes to our ears like heaven's artillery note—
Lo! 'tis Macdonnough in his youthful bloom,
Plunging the Brittons in a watery tomb;
While Macomb hurls destruction at Prevost,
And drives him backward with his shattered host.
Nor to the navy is our theme confin'd,—
A crowd of names to live upon the mind,
Press in full troops to hear their actions told,
And see the banners of their fame unfurl'd:
Gaines, Miller, Ripley, Jessup, Jackson, Brown,
Circled with light, stand blazon'd in renown;
Smith, Stricker, Armistead, Leavenworth and Scott,
Names to endure till honor is forgot—
And that will happen, when the sun turns pale,
And all the stars that lighten heaven, shall fail!
Pike was too pure for this corruptive earth,
And angels strove for his celestial birth;
But first the vict'ry to his arm was given,
And then, they bore him in bright flame to heaven.
What youthful bosoms no strange passions feel,
To hear the mention of the daring Neale?
While Craney Island on the sea shall rest,
His name will rouse the spirit of the breast.
Nor him, alone, Kentucky's youngest born,
Whose fame the Poet's numbers will adorn;

Yea—while Sandusky stream shall wed the lake,
His proud achievement will the soul awake
To strains enraptur'd when his head turns gray,
His bosom press'd with monumental clay—
Yes, Croghan's name will dwell in future song,
When death's deep silence seals our every tongue.
And there beside, shall age with hoary hair
Be heard upon the harp: Swift, Rensselear,
McCulloch, Whitley, Howard and Adair,
And Shelby, mighty in the days of old—
In vain their deeds of valour could be told
E'en with swift utterance, till the sun would set,
And stars effulgent shine on heaven's high parapet.
And shall the Muse two other chiefs deny
To deck their brows with wreath of poesy?
Shall she, their prowess in her song, forget?
Pride of Kentucky—stars to never set—
The *Johnsons*—foremost in their country's cause,
The firm supporters of the *people's laws;*
Two brother Ajax in the field of fame—
The one* the conqueror of the Albian name,—
The other,† bleeding, struck the desperate blow,
Which laid the Monarch‡ of the wild men low!
* * *
The Muse must pause—should she her strain pro-[long,
Her theme would give no silence to her song;
Yon flaming chariot would descend the deep,
Revolve through night, and climb the orient steep,

* Col. James Johnson. † Col. R. M. Johnson. ‡ Tecumseth.

And gild the earth with a returning day,
And yet unfinish'd her exalted lay!
How would she pour her voice on Queenston height?
Describe at Chippewa the slaughtering fight;
Publish at York, how Pike maintain'd the charge,
And tell how Boyd reduced the fort of George;
How Armistead at McHenry dauntless stood
Against the burning fury of the flood,
While Smith and Stricker, met them on the shore,
And beat them of their hopes of Baltimore!
Scarce can the Muse her ardent thoughts control
To sing Niagara with rising soul—
Where Scott and Jessup, Miller, Ripley, Brown,
Through solid fire, tore royal standards down!
These would the Muse describe—and other names–
How Harrison immortaliz'd the Thames;
And to conclude the battles of the west,
How Jackson fought with thunder on his breast!
But time forbids: yet ere my numbers cease,
I fail t' invoke the bosoms made for peace:
War is the element of man—but *love*
Descended pure on woman from above.
Your virtues bind our hearts in golden chains—
But O! the bondage gives delicious pains!
This earth would be but darkness without thee,
And savage wrath, our boasted liberty.
Our boisterous turbulence, your charms control,
And pour a sacred balsam on the soul:

Not charms, that wither like the morning flower,
Expos'd to sun-beams in the noontide hour;
Or clouds fast fading of their beauties given,
Or the frail tinctures of the bow of heaven—
But charms, that sweetly flourish from the mind,
These, *these* endure, and make the heart refin'd.
O! to your children teach *this* glorious day,
That time may never wear it to decay;
And, at the altar, with a bended knee,
Make them to swear they ever will be FREE!
Then shall Columbia hail *this day* on high,
Till a new sun shall gild eternity!

THE DECLARATION OF LOVE.

The full-orb'd moon was rising clear
Above the Pelham mountains,* slow—
The stars the virgins of the sphere,
Glanc'd their sweet beams on earth below;

When I with Mary lonely stray'd—
Her, who my heart, my thoughts, possess'd;
Lingering the path with step delay'd,
Her lily hand I shivering press'd:

"Mary"—no more my tongue could speak—
I strove—my efforts were in vain;

* Mountains in Massachusetts.

I would—but dare not press her cheek—
O! how divine the bliss—the pain!

Tears, like a sudden shower in Spring,
Gush'd from mine eyes—I knew not why:—
"Mary, my heart to thee I bring—
A captive to thy charms am I."

I mark'd her snowy breast to heave,
Soft as a silver cloud of even,
When new-born stars their light receive,
Pure from the ethereal torch of heaven.

My hand her trembling fingers press'd,
Gentle—then hard—then soft again—
Thrilling my soul supremely bless'd!—
Her melting voice was musick's strain:

"O Edward! I believe thee just—
Thy tears proclaim thy passion true;
Ah! no—thy sighs I'll not distrust,
But live and love with only you."

'Twas heaven I heard!—I wept aloud—
Startling she strove my voice to calm:
"Perhaps intruder near may crowd:"
And hung an angel on my arm!

As when the fancy steeps the soul
In holy visions passing rare,
Beyond this drossy earth's control,
Where rainbow'd seraphs wing the air—

So did my bosom rapturous swell,
When Mary whisper'd she was mine—
My weeping transport—who can tell?
Though borne to some bright world divine!

MORNING.

How sweet to wake in summer's morn,
Soon as appearing day is born,
And loose array'd, with reckless care,
Ramble, and drink the crystal air—
While cherubs ope the golden doors,
Through which th' impouring light restores
The slumbering world to life and bliss,
And all is free as happiness—
When blushing radiance from afar,
Comes dancing forth with morning star.
The twilight just begins to show,
Softening the shades where cascades flow.
Th' inferior stars have shrunk away
Before the herald-beams of day.

But yet full many an holy one,
In beauty, like an infant sun,
Shines like a gem in emerald set
On heaven's cerulean parapet.
The moon beneath a star appears
Above the mountain, bath'd in tears,
Such as bright angels weep, when they
To heaven, a rescu'd soul convey:
She looks a bow of silver bent
To decorate the firmament.
The streams—the mirrors of the sky
Reflect the heavenly imagry.
The scenery round, how soft, how still!
Emotions, pure as worship, fill
Th' expansive soul; th' adoring eye
Seems wrapp'd to view the Deity!
And hard, how hard to keep suppress'd
The thoughts sublime that crowd the breast—
So full the heart, the tongue would fain
Make glad, with anthem-songs, the plain.
Harken! the voice of Chanticleer,
Has thrice proclaim'd the morning near.
The birds are twittering in the grove,
Each whispering each the pledge of love;
They shake their plumes—too long at rest,
On the same ash they build their nest;
The flexile bough, with cluster'd leaves,
A motion tremulous receives;

The dew, disturb'd on every stem,
In falling, shows a precious gem,
Resembling that in beauty's eye,
When love returns its soft reply.
  There is a sweetness in the air,
With which no incense can compare,
Save that which angels offer'd forth,
When first revolv'd the new-born earth:
Age breathes it—and is *young* again,
And wan disease forgets its pain!
  The east is all a flame of gold!
The moon within a gorgeous fold
Of burnish'd cloud, has pass'd from view,
And all the train of stars withdrew.
  How sweet the red-breast, linnets sing!
With mocking-birds the woodlands ring.
The joyous hills, the strains, prolong,
While the pure heavens seem rapt with song.
  The bees are up at blush of morn,
To gather honey from the thorn—
From violets sprinkled o'er the fields—
From every bud the valley yields.
  And humming bird, in orchard bowers,
With sugar kiss, salutes the flowers—
Sips the aromal dew from this,
And then, like hope on wings of bliss,
Glides to another opening bloom,
But never tires with wearied plume,

As though the flower would stain its breast
If on its petals, it should rest.
  The village smoke is seen to rise
With easy curl toward the skies—
Others in quick succession show,
Resembling waves in gentle flow:
They move unbroken in their height
Until they meet the advancing light,
Which, mingling with the columns, brown,
Adorns them with a golden crown,
And then, they break—are seen no more,
Like beauty, when its charms are o'er.
  The vale is half with mist conceal'd
From dew of sweetest flowers, exhal'd.
It hangs in equal poise between
The forest and the meadow green.
The tallest trees are tip'd with light,
While all below is veil'd from sight
By silvery spray, which, like a wreath,
Embraces soft their trunks beneath.
Mix'd are the hills and mist so rare,
It seems voluptuous nature there,
Had, with nice art, combin'd to show
A spot of heaven on earth below.
  Now glows the sun, the type of Him,
Who wears creation's diadem!
  Forth is the active day begun,
As different inclinations run:

The hammer jars—the trowel rings—
Swift o'er his course the post-boy wings—
The echo of the anvil sounds—
The wagon down the rough path bounds—
The buckets loosen'd from the curb,
The waters of the well, disturb;
The fountains, rising at the call,
With sudden gush in cascade fall.
The rattling chain of plough-man's geer—
The calling to his yoke, the steer—
The cowherd's whistle echoing far,
The clattering of the falling bar—
The loose-rob'd urchins' laugh and cry,
Wrangling, and pleased, and know not why,
All in wild concert fill the air,
And show that busy man is there.
The scene delights without alloy,
Yielding the soul the purest joy—
Gives to the heart an equal play,
And puts far off the aged day:
Yes, Age himself, in smiles is seen,
With cheek of health and eye serene:
And when we urge him to declare,
Why he retains his youthful air,
His ready answer brief is said—
The shunning of the sluggard's bed,
And up, and greet the early morn,
When nature new with life is born.

NOON.

The effulgent sun with widening sweep,
Has clomb the vast ethereal deep—
His car is wheeling to the west,
The earth with vivid heat oppress'd.
The trembling dew, that bright o'erlaid
The orchard-fruits and tender blade—
The mist, that lac'd the mountain round,
As with a silver girdle bound,
Have all departed like a dream,
Before the quenchless solar beam.
No speck in ether meets the eye,
But all is one unclouded sky—
A sea of light from east to west,
Without an isle, on which to rest
Th' exhausted vision, gazing bent,
Tracing the glowing firmament;
But object, none appears, save one—
Th' empyreal—dazzling—blinding sun.
The eye can only glance its fire,
Or would the tender nerves expire,
Which to the soul, the forms, convey
Of wintry scenes, or those of May,
When nature hails her bridal day.
Should in the element remote,
A speck, a cloud, attempt to float,
And spread and overshade the light,
'Twould instant perish from the sigh t.

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The streaming exhalations rare,
Ascend upon the sultry air,
Vibrating, trembling on the eye,
Like things of brief vitality;—
Yet so intense their flickering maze,
We scarce can hold a moment's gaze,
Or they the lucid orbs would sear,
And quench their beams with burning tear.
No zephyrs stir the poplar boughs—
No loosen'd ox is seen to browse
The luscious growth, that faints beneath,
Like innocence depriv'd of breath.
Quick life in solid millions springs
From every leaf, on countless wings:—
From every bud, from every blade,
On which the warming sun is laid,
Pour forms in various fashions forth,
Innumerous as the sands of earth—
And like those sands when hurl'd on high,
Thick sparkling in the sunny sky,
The teaming swarms profuse appear,
Bright wheeling in the noon-day sphere.
The birds, that warbl'd in the breeze,
Sit mute and pensive in the trees.
The heifer from the pasture hies,
To seek relief from galling flies;
The flocks oppress'd, with motion slow,
Weary, and panting as they go,

Forsake the fields and grassy blades,
To search for rest in cooling shades.
  The heavy oxen drag with pain,
The plough along the furrow'd plain;
While slow they move with parching thirst,
Buried in clouds of rising dust,
The peasant, reeking with his toil,
Directs them o'er the planted soil,
Between the curling blades of corn,
Anxious to hear the noon-time horn
Demand him from his labour, hence,
To shelter from the violence
Of rays, that seem to scorch the field,
As though the living earth would yield.
  Each beast that walks and bird that flies,
Seeks a retreat from burning skies---
The flowers that smil'd like virgins, boon,
Wither and hang their heads at noon.
All nature droops with languid breath,
Fainting, the glowing earth beneath:
And man, with dust and sweat bespent,
While his lax'd veins with heat ferment,
Withdraws to some sequester'd bank,
Where grapes and alders clustering, rank,
Shut out the burning heavens from view---
(The flowers scarce dried their morning dew)
Stretches his length at listless ease,
Hush'd to repose with song of bees,

And slumbers till the orb of day
Begins to quench its fervid ray---
The shadows to the orient bent,
And zephyrs cool the element---
He wakens, vigorous to pursue
His evening toils, till sinks from view
The sun, beyond the mountain pines,
And all to mellow peace resigns.

EVENING.

The Muse to blithesome morn has strung
Her harp---of sultry noon has sung---
To bid adieu to lingering day,
She now attempts an evening lay.
The softening dews begin to fall,
The tender vines to life, recall;
The flowers, that droop'd though sick at heart,
Revive, and to the vales impart
A sweetness that embalms the air,
Inviting angel-spirits there.
The sweetest songsters of the grove,
Warble their soften'd notes of love;
And every bird on quivering spay,
With mellow'd strains concludes the day.
The hen retiring with her brood---
The pullet and her sisterhood,

With gentle steppings slow pursue
Their gallant lord with reverence due,
Who, oft with eye obliqely bent,
Watches—like centinel intent,
His scouting foe---the element
To mark the hawk, and give the sound,
And stand and bold defend the ground;
Then onward with his charge he'd march,
While frequent he, his neck, would arch,
And proud his voice of honor swell,
And bid the setting sun farewell.
The hum of bees, and buzz of flies---
The frog with hoarse obstreperous cries---
The oxen homeward wending slow---
The deep, concussive, bellowing low---
The bleating lambs on sunset-hills---
The soothing sounds of lapsing rills,
Find holy entrance to the heart,
That bids its every care depart.
A stillness sacred to the soul,
Soothes---lulls each passion in control,
Save that which lifts the thoughts sublime,
Beyond the narrow glimpse of time,
To muse on things above the sphere,
Where angel-worshippers appear
With cencers burning with a flame,
More pure than that which speedful came
And lit the sacrifice, when pray'd
Elijah---and his foes dismay'd.

In the loose clouds what beauties play,
Touch'd with the sun's departing ray,
As through the mountain glade he shines,
And deeper from the view declines!
No pencil can their fashion trace,
Their loveliness combin'd with grace---
Their colour purer than each gem,
That shines on nature's diadem---
Topaz and rubies, emeralds bright---
The diamond, jasper, chrysolite---
With every softening shade between
The violet, orange, azure, green.
Now like huge mountains pil'd on high,
They stretch along the western sky;
Sudden they change to gilded spires,
That seem to flash with golden fires.
Opposing armies crowd the spheres,
With flaming shields and glittering spears,
Their splendid banners waving high,
In all the pomp of chivalry;
And ruin'd walls and mouldering towers,
Soon change to love's inviting bowers.
The reaper homeward bends his way,
Dismiss'd the labours of the day.
His wife advances with a smile,
As he o'erclimbs the well-known stile;
His glad return his children bless,
And round him with affection press;

Jealous, who first his kiss, shall seize,
Raptur'd in holy sympathies:
The youngest prattling in his arms,
Pours in his heart celestial balms,
Another, with her infant hand,
Circles his finger like a band,
On which, from step to step she swings,
While blithe her tongue unconscious sings.
The eldest trips it on before,
Gazing his features whistful o'er---
Or with a wild endearing glee,
Laughing, impatient clasps his knee,
And clogs him in his movement forth---
But all is such a scene of mirth,
The parent cannot feel to chide,
While throbs his heart with lofty pride,
That they, a future day, will be
His shield, his staff, his treasury,
From whence, in age, fresh fruits he'll gather,
Till he shall rest from toils forever.

* * * *

CARRIER'S ADDRESS, 1826.

GEORGETOWN CENTINEL, KY.

* * * *

The ploughshare tames the savage soils---
And Fulton visits every stream,
Who, till the heart at worth recoils,
Will be the world's admiring theme.

Vallies at Clinton's voice have rose,
And mounatins stoop'd their lofty pride,
That Erie might with Ocean close,
Who sweet hath kiss'd her as his bride.
With a whole Nation's eyes bewet
With drops, that the affections, tell,
Th' illustrious Guest—the good Fayettee,
Hath sighing, bade the land farewell!
This visit to our shores appear'd
Something more pure, than mortals given—
Yea, as a messenger rever'd,
Sent with glad tidings new from heaven!
Kentucky saw the wonderous man,
And mark'd the mildness of his eye,
That flash'd, when leading in the van,
Th' embattled sons of Liberty!

THE SAME, FOR 1827.

Strike—strike the lyre! with rapture, strike!
Till transport bears the soul on high—
Let anthems through the concave break—
Let earth be fill'd with melody!
Through the vast fields of ether driven,
The earth has finish'd her career,
And true to time, as lovers given,
With a new song, begins the YEAR.
And while upon her breast, we've rode,
Through light and shade, from star to star;

Few scenes have pass'd to thrill the blood
Of grief, or joy—of peace, or war.
  But Misselonghi !—O thy name
Sounds like the tomb where martyrs sleep—
A tomb—from whence shall burst a flame
To cause each patriot's sword to leap,
  And smite oppression !—Proudly raise
The stars upon the sulphurious breeze—
And, guided by th' effulgent blaze,
The glorious boon of Freedom, seize!
  Greece! *Greece* !—for *thee* how burns the blood!
Our every vein seems charg'd with fire!
May lightnings, from the throne of God,
Glance—and the impious Turk expire!
  Raise, raise the Cross !—our Eagle, lo,
Shall there, her lofty ærie build,
And with her arrows, search the foe,
And scath the Crescent from the field!
  Of Greece, no more—*our* Country calls,
And we her summons must obey—
Soft is her voice as dew that falls
On early rose-bud born in May.
  While Albion pines with famine sore,
And Erin weeps in slavery's chain;
Plenty hath crown'd Columbia's shore,
And health has danc'd through every vein.
  Fain would our hearts with gladness swell
With anthem songs, for bounties given,

While the deep organ's solemn peal
Should raise the chorus notes to heaven!
Shall smiles upon the brow appear,
Or sorrows fall like rain-drops, free,
That JEFFERSON forsook the sphere
And ADAMS---on the Jubilee?
We'll shed such tears as seraphs shed---
We'll smile like them entranc'd with bliss;
For though their dust in earth is laid,
Their spirits bask in righteousness!
Immortal Sages---fare ye well!
The tongues of millions speak of thee!
Your names, our hearts, with reverence fill,
Born to achieve our Liberty!
SHELBY, to dwell on earth, disdain'd,
When, that ye bade the world adieu---
Sunder'd the bands, his soul enchain'd,
And enter'd heaven sublime with you!
Kentucky, forth at Shelby's name,
Rushes like gladness on the soul,
Whose character a star of flame,
Shines like the gem that gilds the pole.

* * * *

THE SAME, 1828,

KENTUCKY GAZETTE, LEXINGTON.

With hurried fingers sweep he lyre—
Let not its music sound of earth---

In concert, let the voice conspire
To usher in the Year with mirth.
  Lo, *this* the day to cheer the heart
With brightning hopes celestial given—
To cause the grateful tear to start
For bounties from the hand of heaven.
  Where can we glance th' inquiring eye,
And not behold in proud career,
Our country borne in honor high
Within the last departed year?
  Health o'er the land hath spread her wings—
Chas'd maddening fever from the veins;
The vallies rich with harvestings,
Have blest the toils of labouring swains.
  Ah, who like *freemen* can rejoice?
Creation smiles for them alone—
The laws are their adopted choice—
The flocks, the herds are all their own!
  No priest is near to claim his tenth—
No lord, to rob them of their toil;
No kingly arm unmans their strength—
Themselves the sovereigns of the soil!
  See Europe in her thraldom chain'd,
And still fair Hope the prospect, flees;
Her fields with deep oppression stain'd—
In bleak distress her children freeze.
  Must thy bright vales, O Europe! be
Forever track'd by tyrant's heel!

Is there no arm with impulse, free,
To reach their tiger-heart—with steel?
  Yes, thou hast one—a glorious one,
Ready th' avenging sword to whet—
To strike the sceptred from their throne—
The friend of Washington—FAYETTE!
  O Spain! I hear thy voice afar—
Strive—*strike* to win th' immortal prize!
Unsheath thy freedom's scimetar—
And let Riego's spirit rise!
  Greece!—O ye patriots bend the knee,
And pray for her with brow to heaven—
Pray—that her children may be *free*—
Her foes by vict'ry's lightening riven!
  Thou God of battles! edge her sword—
Her cause like hallow'd freedom, just;
Give to her councils firm accord—
Bow imperious traitors to the dust!
  The Muse reluctant must return
From Greece, where flames the righteous war,
For whose success the affections burn,
To sing the fame of Bolivar:
  Yes, Bolivar, when Faction rag'd,
Girded his mighty armour on;
He soon the monster's wrath assuag'd—
He's done the deed of Washington!
  Improvements like enchantments spring
On every hand at Genius' call—

The fig, the grape, are blossoming---
The vallies rise---the mountains fall,
That kindred brothers of the East,
May come and clear the forest-wood,
On nature's rich abundance, feast---
Binding the States in sisterhood.
Kentucky, rise!---no longer thus,
Pause in the glorious work begun---
Awake thy spirit, chivalrous,
And gird thy strength, resistless on!

AN EPITHALAMIUM,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND.

Hail to the holy rite divine,
That binds the heart to Love's decree,
Where hands with thrilling transport join,
And souls are lock'd in unity!
Sweet is the poet's flower the rose,
Unfenc'd with its protecting thorn;
But ah! more sweet its beauty shows,
And richer tints its robes adorn,
When so expos'd that toil and care
Are both requir'd to reach its charms---
It bids th' approaching swain beware,
For its obtrusive thorn alarms.
This truth, ye happy couple, blest,
Do you not feel in every vein---
Is there not something here express'd,
That makes you echo to the strain?

O! may the hours in dance recede,
Cheer'd with the music of the soul---
No envious cares your bliss impede,
But love alone your hearts, control.

AN ADDRESS

Written for the Walnut-st. Theatre, Philadelphia, 18[illegible].

(REJECTED.)

In ages past when Ignorance sway'd the world,
And Superstition his dark flag unfurl'd,
Celestial Genius from his hallow'd porch,
Was tyrant driven—the conflagrating torch
Consum'd the sacred temple where he dwelt—
And where, with reverence to the Muse he knelt;
Our art was mock'd at with contemptuous sneer,
And Persecution's bloody hand was near!
Lo Science dawn'd at length—the darkness broke—
And, by degrees, was loos'd Oppression's yoke.
The ebon mace from Ignorance was wrench'd,
And Superstition's cruel torch was quench'd;
The earth was sprinkled with a dew from heaven,
Ennobling passions to the heart were given.
The eye that lower'd and chill'd our action dead,
Grew bright—and o'er each scene a radiance shed.
Here by your smiles shall Genius prune his wing,
And ope the fountains whence the passions spring;
But lo, this temple desert will remain,
Like the bare rock upon the sultry plain,
Till quicken'd into life by Moses' rod,
When in abundance gush'd the gladdening flood—

Yea, like this rock, 'twill desolated stand,
Till *you* shall stretch your animating hand,
And bid its fountains cheer the thirsty land,—
Fountains—at which the soul may largely quaff
To start the tear—or raise the comic laugh—
Or bid the patriot for his country die,
When traitors plot to sap our liberty!
  Yes, in this temple, it shall be our aim
To excite our youth to honourable fame—
To feel the spirit that their fathers felt,
When they to Liberty devoutly knelt.
Thorns shall be seen to overspread the way,
When serpent vice may triumph for a day.
Virtue may suffer, but the heart shall tell,
The proud sublimity of suffering well!
  Our art shall be to show the coxcomb vain—
The miser wretched midst his sumless gain—
The faithless lover tortur'd with remorse—
The traitor blacken'd with a nation's curse—
The gamester frenzied with despair, chagrin,
Shall show the passions' hurricane within.
The oppressor of the poor—the insidious friend—
The grovelling sycophant at names to bend,
And for a smile to meanest acts descend,—
Shall he detested in their outline here,
Till hate and scorn shall on the brow appear.
  These vices we'll expose with truth's effect,
That youth their wayward follies may correct;
And for their guide, in virtue to excel,
We'll place before them the illustrious Tell—
Warm through their veins a patriot glow shall run,
And hail with tears, the shade of WASHINGTON.

Here the sweet solace of the female breast,
In all its loveliness shall be express'd—
They, when the heart is overwhelm'd with grief,
Shall stand like angels ministering relief—
Yes, in its beauty virtue shall appear,
To win th' affectiens of the soul sincere.
The pencil too shall with our art unite
To copy nature, and afford delight,
That more effective we the heart may reach,
And faithful morals to the nation teach.
Yet still without your approbating smile,
We cannot hope the sordid to beguile
To virtue's rugged path—or him arrest,
That hugs the serpent Pleasure to his breast—
Or bid the virtuous by example given,
While on the billows of affection driven,
To keep their eye upon the star of heaven.
We now to you this temple dedicate—
The power is yours to make it bless the state,
Guard, watch its scenes with a paternal care,—
You'll hiss the sentiment that holds a snare—
Applaud a noble action when express'd,
That it may dwell a jewel in the breast;
That when our youth to manhood's port shall rise,
That they, with rapture streaming from the eyes,
May publish to the world that *here* they first
Received the noble impulse to be just.
Should future tongues this sentiment repeat—
Hope thrills the promise to our bosoms sweet!
'Twill give our varying scenes a brighter glow,
And make our blood in dancing measures flow.

CARROLL OF CARROLLTON,

AN IMPROMPTU.

On hearing of his being attacked with dangerous illness, September 6th, 1827.

He is the last! the *last* of those,
Who set their names to Freedom's Seal—
Who from pride's summit hurl'd their foes,
And made the stubborn monarch kneel.

Spare him, ye Powers! our guide, our chart—
A nation holds him to her breast;
His life is precious to the heart—
Bid health return and make us bless'd!

He is the last—the *only* one!
O! how resign him to the grave!
Fled from our arms, hath Jefferson—
Him for his anxious country save!

A few brief days, are all we ask,
(If such with Heaven is the decree,)
O! may he yield his earthly task,
Upon the nation's Jubilee!

Then will our grief but reach the soul,
To make it soft as bliss in tears—
The *day*, our sorrows will control,
To hail him as he mounts the spheres!

He is the last!—he is the *last!*
Say not his sands of life are run—
His virtues, his example, past,
Carroll the sage of Carrollton!

AN EPITAPH

On the Death of William C. Lacy, Esq. a friend and benefactor of the author.

This stone, no statesman's pompous name displays,
Or warrior's—deep in crimson'd history penn'd—
He lov'd his country—but his noblest praise—
A tender Father and a faithful friend!

Ye whose stern hearts no tenderness reveal—
Whose souls are envious of your brother, blest;
O! learn of Lacy!—he will make you *feel*,
And root the serpent passion from your breast.

VERSES

Composed on the Death of two Infant Children, Edwin, and Sarah Ann.

The balmy breeze of summer play'd
Its vesper hymns to Sabbath even,
When on the Elkhorn banks I stray'd,
To gaze the sitting sun of heaven.

I stood and saw him languish, slow,
Like beauty fading o'er the tomb—
It touch'd my soul with sacred wo,
That deepen'd with the twilight gloom.

I turn'd to seek the haunts of men,
To ease the burden of my breast—
But scarce I'd pass'd the deep wood, when
I found I'd gain'd the Hill of Rest*—

Where that the warrior and the sage—
The priest, the bridegroom, and the bride—
The infant new with life—and age,
Slumber'd in silence side by side.

But two green turfs of oval turn,
Drew my attention from the rest—
That caus'd a mother's heart to mourn,
And prob'd severe a father's breast.

A daisy bloom upon the *one*,
With petals pure as mountain snows;
The *other*, cherish'd by the sun,
Supported sweet an opening rose.

"Ah! Sarah, this is thine," I cried.
For thou wert once, a budding flower—

* The Grave-Yard at the Great Crossing, Ky.

Thy parents' solace and their pride,
But death surpris'd thee in an hour!

The daisy blooms on Edwin's breast,
For he was spotless as its leaf:—
Sleep on sweet babe! in pillow'd rest,
For thou ne'er felt the sting of grief.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

What soul endued with feeling powers,
Can e'er forget his playful hours,
When light of heart—absolv'd from care,
E'er grief was felt, or wan despair,
His bosom glow'd with young desire,
While bless'd with home and parent's fire—
When foils unknown, he pass'd the night
In vision'd bliss till morning light.
Though not a parent's hearth was mine,
Yet dwell my thoughts on scenes divine,
By an indulgent guardian * bless'd,
Who' when with pining want oppress'd,
Me, from the crowded town,† convey'd,
Where vice-alluring snares are laid—
To his fair mansion, shaded round
With many an elm of height profound,

* Captain John Bennett my revered uncle. It produces feelings of no ordinary emotion, that I have it in my power to yield him this public manifestation of my gratitude. R. E.

† Boston.

Whose leaves delicious drank the mist,
Where savage rocks the waves resist,
From whence ascends, with sun-light lac'd,
Fantastic wreaths, exuberant grac'd
With rainbows,—gorgeous as the robe
Of Iris when she spans the globe.
  A crystal eddy smooth and still,
Like beauty, sleeps beneath the hill
Of bright Connecticut—a stream,
Rich to the soul as poet's dream—
So pure its wave, it frees from woes
The heart that never felt repose—
The sweetest stream of all that flows!
Beyond the eddy, wild and rude,
The waters, like a multitude
Boisterous and loud, o'er ledges dash,
Though they, their iron strength, would crash.
  'Twas here I pass'd my childhood-home,
Where the proud river, lin'd with foam,
Breaks in its wrath o'er Hadley Falls *—
How to my heart its name recalls
Scenes, innocent as holiness,
Steeping mine eyes in tearful bliss!
  How often, when the spring-time floods,
Bursting from northern solitudes,
Have swell'd it to its giant height,
Have I repair'd to view its might,
Alone, beneath a shelving rock,
And mark'd its rude impetuous shock,

* South Hadley, Mass.

Against a promontory, set
Immoveable for ages yet:
The river, wheeling from its base—
In vain its efforts to displace
The obstructing mound—with maddening swell,
Roars like a thousand tongues of hell—
The eternal granite trembling deep,
As though 'twould start from nature's sleep.
Here I a vacant hour would spend—
And then along the beach I'd wend
To where the fishes in the boat,
Were ready on the wave to float:
How would my pulses thrilling beat,
When they'd indulge me with a seat,
While they with hopeful bosoms glad,
Would cast the seine to coil the shad.
Swifter the motion of the oar,
More high would my emotions soar;
And as the spray would dash my face,
I'd bear the bath with smiling grace.
The fishers, as they threw the net,
Would laugh to see my bosom wet;
And them with jeers I'd entertain,
Till landed on the beach again.
When iron Winter held its rule,
How light of heart I've slid to school
Down the steep hills with ice o'erlaid,
So pure, Reflection was display'd
With heaven in all its charms array'd:

Its humble roof—I see it now
O'erspread with recent feather'd snow,
While on a neighboring hill am I—
The blue smoke curling to the sky:
Ah yes,—the very spot appears—
I see it through a mist of tears—
And glassy brook beneath the hill,
Which oft with answering echo shrill,
Return'd my voice obstreperous loud,
Beyond the noisy urchin crowd.
How frequent I with naked feet,
Have trip'd it o'er the frozen sleet,
While all my school-mates, master too,
Would shout a long and loud halloo.
And then to cast the snow in sport,
Would I an equal combat court;
And for the vacant hour allowed,
By feats, amuse the mirthful crowd.
The villagers would oft declare,
That I was something wild and rare;
Yet ere their observations done,
Would fear I'd meet the Wicked One:
Indeed their grounds were not so slight—
For I was such a wreckless wight,
I never patiently could brook
To con the pages of the book,
Hence, where with whom that I was class'd,
My place was always numbered last.
But when on exhibition day,

'Twas mine to act some simple play,
My imitative powers would make
The rustics round with laughter shake.
In autumn, when serene the sky,
The rising moon would fix mine eye,
Emerging from a mount of pines---
Lacing the firmament with lines
Crimson at first---but soon more clear,
They'd spread and silver o'er the sphere.
Long on the Milk-way path I'd gaze,
And startle at the meteor's blaze---
Still would I stand with fix'd intent,
T' observe along the element,
Another kindle and expire :---
Or the borealis fire
Would flash its brilliant beams afar,
Toward the north's eternal star.
In summer's morn, with impulse new,
How oft I've swept the early dew
To seek the swollen-udder'd cows,
Lying beneath the hawthorn boughs,
And drove them home with motion slow,
Each after each, a lengthning row,
While on vibrating air would float
Rude notes of music from my throat ;
Or like the martin whistling shrill,
Till echo answer'd from each hill.
At breathless noon, when poplars faint,
And in the pool the oxen pant,---

The house-dog stretch'd his lazy length,
Exhausted all his active strength---
The pullet spent, with lifted wing,
The birds forgot the tune they sing---
When thus creation drooping knelt
Before the sun oppressive felt,
How anxious has my eye beheld
A rising cloud o'erspread the field---
Heard the big thunder lumbering far,
Advancing on a lightning car:---
How still my breath the scene to mark---
The flash of the electric spark
Open the clouds, which close again
Ere you can glance the sulphry train---
A welt of fire, on which is scroll'd
The Deity---then instant roll'd
In heavy darkness, fearful deep,
Silent---resembling nature's sleep,---
A moment in suspense---and lo,
Th' exploding thunder peal'd below.
I felt emotions rapt, profound,
That kept me in amazement bound,
Till the o'erpassing cloud was spent,
And high upon the element,
Hung the bright bow in all its rays,
Which held my soul in tranquil gaze---
Burnish'd divine with radiance new,
As when creation's pencil drew

'The beautious arch to speak the name
Of Him, who dwelt in Sinni's flame.
These recollections---O, how sweet!
They make my heart young pulses beat,
Dispel the care from off my brow---
Methinks I feel like childhood now!
Alas, it's all but fancy's dream,
That cheats me with delusive theme.
By penury and misfortune press'd,
I'm bound an exile in the west.
Never I more shall view the bowers,
Where I in childhood gather'd flowers,
Or butterfly, pursu'd with pride,
With not a youthful nerve untried--
Or eager climb the towering hill
To view surrounding glories, till
The sun, in golden mist afar,
Descends, succeeded by the star,
Those beautious beams at dewy even,
Are first to deck the vault of heaven.

INDEPENDENCE.

Composed July 4th, 1819.

Let deafning cannon peal to heaven---
Their kindled thunders jar the earth---
Lo, *this* the day to glory given---
The day that hail'd a Nation's birth!

Let the full soul from south to north,
Join to proclaim the wonderous day---
Let shouting millions on the *Fourth*,
Shrill to the heavens the news convey!

The theme demands creation's tongue
To strike its note sublimely high---
The anthem *first* Columbia sung,
And shall be heard till Time shall die!

As blackening whirlwinds edg'd with fire,
Bear terrour to the guilty name,
So tyrants one by one expire,
Consum'd by Freedom's hallow'd flame!

Th' impatient goblets, charge with wine---
Let every eye invoke the sphere;
Kneel---pledge the sages --names divine!
And hail them with enraptur'd tear!

We *this* proud day to them decree,
And swear with an uplifted hand,
That we'll maintain their legacy,
Or sprinkle with our blood the land!